Hillsborough Recorder.

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THE EDITOR.

That Editor who wills to please,
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hand that beats him;
Or if he dare attempt to walk,
Must toe the mark that others chalk,
And cringe to all that meets him,

Says one, your subjects are too grave—
Too much morality you have—
Too much about religion.
Give me some witch or wizard tales,
And slip shod ghosts, with fins and scales,
Or fe thers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words those novels;
Composed of Kings and Queens and Lords
Of border wars and gothic hordes,
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one; we've had enough
Of such confounded love sick stuff,
To craze the fair creation.
Give us some recent foreign news
Of Russians, Turks, the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of drilled scholastic lore,
Would like to see a little more,
In scraps of Greek and Latin!
The merchants rather have the price
Of southern indigo and rice,
Or India silks and satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus or a riddle;
Some long for missionary news,
As some of worldly carnal views,
Or would rather hear a fiddle

The critic too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries I want to see,
A jumbled up variety,
Variety in all things—
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed I only give the hint,
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain
None suffers from the drought, 'tis plain—
At least not one in twenty

I want to hear of death, says one—
Of people totally undone
By losses, fire, or fevers;
Another answers full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Or politics to suit them,
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial wight
Has nought to do but what is right,
And let the grumblers grumble.

From Every Body's Album.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

"Here's a day a February day! an English day!—rain, snow, sleet—sleet, snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet—reciprocated *ad nauseam*, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each! Horrible climate! wretched beings who are heirs to it! Lapland is a perpetual paradise to it! Siberia an eternal summer! Why should I stay here and die? for die I must—who can live in such a country? and how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say they *do* live in such a country? They do not, and they know they do not. It is not life, nor is it death—it is some intermediate state which they cannot understand and have no term to express. But I see the horrid distinction too plainly, and sink, sink momently under the knowledge!

"I'll go out!—I cannot catch more than fifty exclusively English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without. Yes, I'll go out; or I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, and pretending to cheerfulness, the impostor!—Cheerfulness in the city! Preposterous lie! He comes here grinning, chuckling and crowing out his good humor, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man! That Johnson, too, threatened *he* would call. Heaven avert such an affliction! I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat French poodle, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma! And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—poet, pah! the puppy!—one of the sore-throat-catching school—fellows who think a sonnet and a neckcloth incompatible! He'll be coming here, with his collar down on his shoulders like a greyhound's ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if apostrophising the nursery-maid over the way.

"I *must* go out; for only listen a moment to those eternal Miss Thompsons next door, beating Rossini to death with wires! and he deserves the martyrdom; that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of the country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century! And there's that Betty below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mrs. Rundell, (Domestic Cookery, p. 18,) that '*Maids* should be hung up for one day at least.' I must go out, for if I stay at home I shall be bored again with that rhubarb-headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his ice at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings he means, in fewer seconds; and looking at my tongue—pah! what's my tongue to him, the quack! as Figaro sings, 'Let him look to his own.'

"Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out of doors as in. More wind! there's a gust! a Trinidad tornado is a trumpet solo to it! More sleet—now snow—and that's rain! What a clime! Good heavens! there's a gust! Hah! hah! hah! the chimney-pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those of No. 11; and the fox that surmounted the flue at No. 9 is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8. Whew! well flown, pigeons! well run, fox!—Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and copingstones! That slow gentleman with the umbrella—the whole on his head! down he goes! he is killed! murder! no, up he gets again! away goes his umbrella! and now his hat! a steeple chase is sedentary to his pursuit! they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella and gentleman! Two to one on the hat! no takers? Oh, lachrymose laughter, melancholy mirth!

"Mrs. Fondleman, if any thing should happen to me in my absence—(Why do you smile, madam?)—my affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter."

"La, sir! are you out of your senses?"

"Suppose I am, madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birth-right to be so, if I choose? Not a word more, madam, but give me my pattoones, my cloak, my umbrella, and let me go, for go I will! —It is a sullen and savage satisfaction, in a day like this, when Nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has made her unhappy children ——pish! pah! poh! rain, sleet, and snow! Merry England! But no matter—out I *will* go. No, I *will not* have a coach—a hearse would be more jermane to the weather It is of no use your dissuading me, Madam, I am determined!——

"Wh, herse I am, I care not how many miles from town, that charnel-house of cheerfulness! What a walk I have had! Walk! wade, I should have said. Why should ducks have webbed feet?—Men, at least English men, have more necessity for them! What a rightful series of faces I have met all along the road! —and all, I am happy to say, to all appearance, as miserable as myself—all climate-struck winter wretched, English-hapless! . . . But I am wet, weary and hungry—where shall I dry myself?—where dry myself? Psha! what is the use of drying or dining either? *Tædet me vitæ!*

"What have we here? 'The Marlborough Head.' Another glorious cut-throat's fighting face, making five in ten miles; two land and three amphibious! I wonder when the men of peace may hope to have their heads hung up for signs Well, the men of war are welcome to the preference, and may divide their out-of-door honours with the Blue Boars and Red Lions of less naval-and-military publicans. 'Horses taken in to bait'—aye, and asses too—I'll enter . . . . . Curse the bell-rope!—woven of cobweb, that it may be added as an item to the bill. Waiter!"

[*Enter Boots.*]—"Zur."

"What a brute! in a smock-frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling his halfpence—a head like a hedgehog—a mandrake in top boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury-Plain of cheek—the entire creature a personification of that elegant compound, *chaw-bacon*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one! . . . . Have you any thing to eat?"

"Zur?"

"Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It's flat enough, you sleek roughness! Send your master."

"Ize noa measter, Zur."

"What have you, then? who is your keeper?"

"Missuz"

"Well, send in the Sycorax. . . . . What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me in! fit only for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils! dark, dismal, black-wainscoted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what does it matter! can it be more dreary than my mind?' No. Then here will I take 'mine ease in mine inn. . . . . Now d—n that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon; but it seems by its looks to hint that it could sustain a hat wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it—how busy he is adjusting an unsubstantial rope with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity! Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me! That knot in the oaken wainscot glares like the eye of an ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeakes under my foot; and the cricket shrills horribly under the hearth-stone! And that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age! how the plush-coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy-bush metamorphosed into a wig! I cannot bear this! Waiter! waiter! [*Enter the Landlady*]—What in the name of all that is monumental, have we here? 'The whole Duty of Man, in one volume, *tall copy —neat*—as Mr. Evans would say! I never beheld such a woman till now! six feet two, I should think, in her slippers! Respected be the memory of the late landlord of the 'Marlborough Head!' If he subdued such an Eve as this, he was a greater conqueror than the hero of Blenheim."

"What is your pleasure, sir!" (She courtesies respectfully.)

(I stand up—and my eyes are on a line with the keys at her waist) "Mrs. ——Mrs.——"

"Furlong, sir, at your command."

"Furlong!—mile, exactly—not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlong, to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and, pray, do show me into a more cheerful room!"

"Certainly, sir." (I follow like a minnow in the wake of a leviathan!)

"Ay, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in the world, though it is not worth looking at. [*Exit Landlady.*] I have an antipathy to all women, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong: as a lover of the picturesque, I shall patronise her. Now, if I were not sick of this working-day world, and all the parts and parcels of it, I should be tempted to propose for about one-half of Mrs. Furlong—twenty *poles* or so. She has blue eyes—fair hair—a complexion like a May morning, and really looks handsome and somewhat of the lady in her window's weeds. 'Fore-heaven, I've seen worse women:—Then her voice is soft and low—'an excellent thing in woman.' And this is a snug inn too; a comfortable room this—carpeted, clean, and cosy—a view of watery Venice, in oils, over the fire-place, and 'Before Marriage,' and 'After Marriage,' in Bowles and Carver's best manner, on opposite sides, as they should be. . . . Hah! the chops already! and very nice they look! a shalot too! really, Mrs. Furlong, the outworks of my heart—no very impregnable fortress—are taken already. Now let me have just a pint of your particular sherry . . . . . Hah! this looks well—pale and sparkling too, like a sickly wit. I insist upon your taking a glass with me, madam.

"Sir, you are very good!"

"Quite the contrary. A good-sized husband to you, madam!" (Mrs. Furlong smiles, showing a very handsome set of teeth, and courtesies.)

"Ah, sir, you gentlemen will have your joke. Your better health, sir—for you do not look well."

"She has spoken this with such a pitying tenderness of tone that it has gone through my heart, and would, had it been iron! What makes my lips quiver, my tongue falter, my voice thicken, and an unusual moisture come into my eyes? One touching word of sympathy? Am I then again sensible to those blessed influences upon the heart and affections—pity and human kindness? Yes—then I live—I live again! Oh 'honey in the mouth, music to the ear, and a cordial to the heart,' is the voice of woman in the melancholy hours of man! Oh, woman! woman! soul-softening, heart-wakening, life-giving, happy-making woman! Let the hard and iron dealings and cruel conflictings of this unsocial world, make man a monster—'the paragon of animals'—the first and worst of brutes; let all the gentler virtues be dead and buried in his breast—let them, and all is not lost; in thy lovely bosom, oh woman! thou missionary angel upon earth—there, ye that are wretched and despised among men, when ye need and hunger after them, there may ye claim freely, and receive as freely, pity, mercy, compassion and charity, assuaging terderness, solacing tears and smiles, holy love, and all the unbounded, self-devoting affections of her 'heart of hearts,' untiring, unwasting, undepraved by commerce with this hardening world—fresh as a fountain in a desert's sands—pure and undefiled as the light that shines the nearest unto heaven! . . . . . Mrs. Furlong is called away, and I am spared making a fool of myself in her presence. . . . . Ah, thou who wert my first hope and earliest, bitterest despair, I will not accuse thee with all the changes which time and disappointment have made in my heart and feelings; but for some of these thou *must* answer!—What I am, thy little lauh has made me; what I should have been——but no matter—I feel how desolate a wretch I *am*, how changed from all I was and ought to be—it is thy work, it is thy deed, and I forgive thee! Behold me here, a broken-spirited man, with furrowed cheeks and whitening hair, tears in my eyes, and agony at my heart! Behold me, an unsocial man, suspected by the world and suspecting the world—I, who trusted in it, loved it, and would have benefitted it! But I have done with it—I loathe it and avoid it! And why? Why am I now harsh of nature—uncharitable in thought, if not in speech—unforgetful of slight offences, revengeful of deep ones—jealous of looks—watchful of words? I that was gentle, tender of others, to myself severe; forgiving, incapable of anger, openminded, suspiciousless! But why should I anatomise myself? I give my heart to the vultures among men—let them glut on it; and good digestion wait upon their appetite!"

"Did you call sir?"

"No madam; but I am glad you are here, for your coming in has interrupted a melancholy train of thought."

"A melancholy thought! Lud, sir, do you surrender yourself to such a weakness as melancholy? Life, to be sure, is a serious thing to the most cheerful of us; but to the over-anxious, and those who groan under its cares, death were happier than such life! The really heavy obligations of existence are worthy of our gravest thoughts; but the lighter evils, the cares and anxieties of the day—sir, I never allow them to make a deeper impression on my mind than my pencil does on my slate: when I have satisfied myself to the amount, I rub the lines off, and begin again."

"And am I to be taught philosophy by a Plato in petticoats, and the economy of life by a Dodsley in dimity? *Nunc dimittis*, then, be my ditty! Pardon my expression, madam—the insolence of humbled pride! I sit rebuked. You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Furlong—have right views of life; now tell me—what is the end of it?"

"Death, I should think, sir."

"A pertinent answer, madam; but you are on the wrong premises."

"I am on my own."

"Indeed! I am happy to hear that; and if I was a widow watcher, I should make a note of the fact I mean, madam—what is the design, the intention, the motive, the end and aim of life?"

"Happiness here, and in another and a better world."

"Yes, madam; but our happiness here—what an uncertain good it is—a hope never in our own hands, but always in those of others! And what do they merit, who, intrusted with so precious a boon for our benefit, deny it to us, and withhold it from us?"

"The same unhappiness at the hands of others."

"What if you would not, if you could, whiten one hair of *their* heads with sorrow who have silvered the whole of yours—what do they merit?"

They do not merit so much mercy," (She leaves the room.)

"'A negro has a soul, your honor!" said Corporal Trim, putting the right foot of his postulate forward, but in an undecided attitude, as if he doubted whether his position were tenable. My uncle Toby ran through in his memory, all the regimental orders from the siege of Troy to that of Namur, and remembering nothing therein to the contrary, came to the christian conclusion—that a negro had a soul. And why not an innkeeper—especially if a woman? My prejudice is '*to let*' against that abused class of hosts and hostesses: to be sure, it was formed on an acquaintance with those only of the Bath Road; *they* may not require souls, as their guests are chiefly fashionable people. Here is a woman 'with a tall man's height,' humbly stationed beside one of the highways of life—and stunned and distracted with the stir and the bustle of the goers to and comers from the shrine of the great Baal, who has yet contrived to keep her heart from hardening, and her soul in whiter simplicity, in a common inn, than the shrinking and secluded nun can do, though shut up from the world cannot give, and cannot take away! Else how should this poor woman have that which so many minds, propitiously placed to preserve their freshness and native worth, have altogether lost and live without? But one half the vices of the world are only acts of conformity with the prejudices of the world. Give a man an ill name, and he wears it as if it were a virtue and proper to him, and keeps up the reputation of his depravity with a due sense of his decorum, its keeping, colour, and costume. Give him a good name and he would be ashame to play with it. When will the world learn better? Oh thou worst and vilest weed in the beautiful fields of human thought—Prejudice—grow not in any path of mine, for I trample thee down to the earth which thou disgracest and defilest! But 'thinking is an idle waste of thought.' Waiter!"

"Zur."

"What, Cyclops again! But that's a prejudice too. Have you an entertaining book in the house!"

"Missuz have, I daur to zay, zur."

"Bring it, then, my good fellow. A change of thought to the mind, like a change of air to the body, refreshes, invigorates, and cheers."

"Here be one, zur."

"Ay, this will do—nothing so well. Joseph Andrews! Good, good! Blessings be with thee, Henry Fielding! for many a lingering hour hast thou shortened, and many a heavy heart hast thou lightened. See, the book opens of itself at a page which a man must be full fathoms five down in the Slough of Despond if he read it with a grave face and a lack-lustre eye! World, I bid you good *den!* for here will I forget you as you are, and reperuse you as you were. . . Ah! yes—I remember well my first acquaintance with Joseph Andrews. I was then a very serious, yet a very happy boy; any book was then a treasure, but a stolen perusal of one like this was a pleasure beyond all price, and worth all risks; for works like this were among the profanities from which I was carefully debarred: Mistaken zeal! If discovered in my hands they were snatched away; and if they escaped the fiery ordeal it was well. But who shall control the strong desires of youth? I remember, too, how nearly my secret was discovered; for, laughing too loudly over the merry miseries of poor Parson Adams, the thin wainscot betrayed me; ere I had breathed thrice, the sound of a stealing foot was heard softly approaching my bed-room door—the light was out in an instant—the book thrust deep down under the bed-clothes, and I was heard snoring so somnolently that Somnus himself might have been deceived."

"Ecod, you did 'em capital!"

"Eh? what! what have you been eves-dropping at my elbow all this time, you Titus Oates of a traitor?"

"Yeez, zur—you didn't tell I to go."

"No? go, then, and bring in candles and a pint of sherry—let down the hands—heap the fire—and don't disturb me till I disturb you."

"Yez, zur."

"Vanish, then, good bottle imp! And now for Joseph Andrews!"

* * * * * *

"Inimitable and immortal Fielding! 'Prose Homer of human nature!' so Byron calls thee. And thy bones lie unhonored in an alien's grave, and not a stone in thy native land records the name of the instructor and delighter of mankind!—Well, there is no accounting for the negligence of nations. . . . . Who knocks? Come in."

"Do you mean to sleep here to-night, sir?"

"Sleep here, Mrs. Furlong! No—quite the reverse."

"I thought you did, as it is so late."

"So late! how late?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Impossible! Have I been reading so long?"

"It is very true, sir."

"And what kind of night is it?"

"Frosty, and the moon is shining brilliantly."

"What, in England? Then let me have my bill, for I shall be glad to witness such a phenomenon."

"La, sir, it is ten miles to town; and a gentleman was stopped on this road only last week!"

"How long did they stop him, Mrs. Furlong?"

"Long enough to rob him of his watch, and ten pounds, I can tell you."

"Well, as I have no watch, and only five pounds, they need not detain me half the time. And if I should come back, bare and barbarously beaten, like poor Joseph Andrews, you are no Mrs. Towwouse, madam—I could not be in better hands."

"I am glad to see you so merry, sir."

"Merry, madam! I never mean to be serious again, except at my own funeral, and then it will be expected of me that I should look grave. I have learnt, since I have been here, that melancholy is to be medicined by mile stones: that a slight attack of it is to be subdued by four of those intelligent monuments taken in the morning before breakfast, and four by night following supper; a severe

twenty ditto, in two portions, washe down by three pints of sherry, and kept down by two mutton chops and shalots, and one volume of Joseph Andrews—a prescription of more virtue than all which have been written from the days of quacking Parcelsus to those of Dr Paris on Diet."

"Well, sir, you certainly are not the gentleman you came in, and I am glad to see it. Here is your bill, and if you will run the risks of the road at this late hour, I can only wish you safe home, and a long continuance of your present good spirits."

"Thank you, Mrs. Furlong, thank you! And if I come this way again, I shall certainly, as the poet says,

'Stop at the Widow's to drink!'

So good night, madam. Once more, good night. . . . Blessings be on every foot of Mrs. Furlong—that best of physicians; for she has CURED ME OF MYSELF!"

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

TOWER OF BABEL.

The ruins of the Tower of Babel are six miles S. W. of Hilleh. At first sight, they present the appearance of a hill with a castle on the top. The greater portion is covered with a light sandy soil, and it is only in ascending, that the traveller discovers that he is walking on a vast heap of bricks. This mound, like the Mujillebe, is oblong. The total circumference has been found to be two thousand two hundred and eighty-six feet, which gives to the ruins a much greater extent of the base, than to the original building. The surplus is very great, when one considers the quantity that must have been removed in the course of ages, by the workmen employed in digging for bricks. The elevation of mound is irregular; to the west, it is 198 feet high, on the top is that which looked like a castle at a distance: it is a solid mass of kiln burnt bricks, thirty-seven feet high and twenty-eight broad. The brick, which are excellent, are laid with a fine and scarcely perceptible cement. At regular intervals, some bricks are omitted so as to leave square apertures through the mass, these may probably have been intended to procure a free current of air, that should prevent the admission of damp into the brick work. The summit of the mass is much broken, and the fractures are so made as to carry conviction, that violence has been used to reduce it to this state. Distinct from the pile of bricks just mentioned, and lower down on the north face of the large mound, is another mass exactly similar. Pieces of marble, stones, and broken bricks, lie scattered over the ruin. The most curious fragments are several mis-shapen masses of brick work, quite black, except in a few places where regular layers of kiln-burnt bricks are discernable; these have certainly been subjected to some fierce heat, as they are completely molten—a strong presumption that fire was used in the destruction of the tower. Jer. 51: 25. "And I will make the burnt mountain." Taking into calculation the brick mass on the top of the large mound, the ruins are 235 feet high, which gives nearly half the height of the tower in its perfect state. Four stages or stories have been traced in this building. Wild beasts appeared to be numerous here. The large footstep of a lion was so fresh, that the beast must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a distinct view of the vast heaps which constitute all that now remains of ancient Babylon; a more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined.—The eye wandered over a barren desert in which the ruins were nearly the only indication that it had ever been inhabited. It was impossible to behold this scene and not be reminded how exactly the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled, even in the appearance, Babylon was doomed to present; that she "should never be inhabited;" that "the Arabian should not pitch his tent there; that she should become heaps;" that her cities should be "desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness!" Jer. li. 37, &c. Isa xviii. 2. *Keppel's Travels.*

The following from the Findlay (Hancock county, Ohio,) Courier, of August 3, is certainly the most remarkable phenomenon we remember ever having read of. The country, for miles round, presents nearly a dead level.

On Saturday the 29th ult., Mr. Richard Wade, jr. was engaged in digging a well on his premises about 4 miles south of Findlay: after having dug down something like 18 feet, the appearance of water was evident. Mr. Wade being anxious to obtain water, seized a crobar, which was standing near, and made several strokes near the centre of the well, whereupon the water gushed forth in vivid torrents. Had not Mr. Wade been extremely active in making his escape, he would have perished almost instantly. At the time of the water gushing forth, a continued roaring ensued similar to a loud clap of thunder, which shook the earth violently for several hours. By an application of a fire-brand to the water, it took fire and burnt like Alcohol; the blaze struck five feet above the surface of the well, and at the same time burning the puncheons that lay on the top of the well. The water still continues to boil.

A quack doctor who had invented a remedy for sore eyes, headed his advertisement this way: "Let every blind man look at this!"

From the New York Express.

MAJOR DOWNING TO HIS FELLOW CITIZENS.

Attention all creation!—eyes right!—face front—Major Downing, just returned from foreign parts, addresses you on "great and weighty matters." The "big guns" of Biddle, Hamilton, Adams, and Tallmadge, and others, having been discharged, it is now of high importance to know what the illustrious Major has to say.

The Major promises in his next to take up the subject of the currency, and to go to work in earnest to do his best toward putting things in order again. In one of his conversations the other day, it is reported that he said there was but one *honest political party* in this or any other country, and that he would in good time demonstrate this. *Nous verrons*, the Major now can *parleyvous* French we dare say, having returned from his travels in foreign parts.

Marine Pavilion, Rockaway, L. I.
August 15th, 1837, in sight of the wreck of the Two Pollies.

To the People of the United States of North America *in general*, and to the great Democratic Family *in particular*.

Fellow Citizens: You have all by this time heard tell of my return to my native land, after an absence now of over two years this grass, and how nigh I came resting my bones along with the "Two Pollies" on his beach, and all mainly owin to a notion that Captain Jumper took that he was more knowin than other folks about his latitude and longitude and soundins, and to wind up all, was willing, right or wrong, "to take the responsibility." Well, the long and short of the matter is, the "Two Pollies" went ashore, and there she lies now, right off and on the house I am now in, and as I am in pretty good keepin here, I mean to stick by and wait for the high tides of September next, and see if there is any hopes of getting this vessel off. I don't mean to quit so long as two sticks of timber of this vessel hangs together. I know she is worth savin, and if we can't save all we can save part, jest enuff to presere the model, for there ain't sich another craft afloat or on shore in all this created airth.

In the natural course of things, I suppose that seeing it is now more than two years since I wrote my last letter from France to my old friend Mr. Dwight, that I ought to tell where I have been, and what I have been about; but this would be a long story—too long to be good for nothing, and I have no time now to finish it if I once begun it—I'll leave that till I get through more important matters. I did not intend writing any thing till the "Two Pollies" was off and safe afloat agin; but seeing that all the *great folks* are at work writing private letters for publications, I thought it was high time to begin, and in doing so, as the Globe says of my old friend the General's letter, "dash it off in the broad bold hand of the venerable chief, without the slightest care of punctuating or correcting, &c."

When I left home the last time, on my way to France, to aid in keeping things right there, I sat down a the starn of the Two Pollies, and kept my eye on my native hills till the top of the highest one was lost in a fog-cloud that hung over it. I then began to feel considerable wamble-crop'd, and could not help thinking of the time when I was a boy, and when the great platter of Ingin dumplins stood smoking on the table, and the family taking chairs all around it; and jest then my good old mother calling out, "You, Jonny, my son, them plagy cattle are in the corn-field agin.—run, my boy, and turn 'em out,—and away I'd scud, and whilst running I would keep thinking of them dumplins, what changes might take place among 'em afore I got back agin, and, in fact, whether there would be any left at all by the time I got back. And jest so it was this time; there were my native hills, all smoking in the distance, jest like a row of hot dumplins, and I going off to keep an eye on them Frenchmen; what changes, thinks I, will take place among them hills afore I git back to them.

I don't want to underrate dumplins, for I lived on 'em nigh half my life, but I must say, if any man wants to know how much dearer to him is his native hills than any thing else in all creation, let him stand on the starn of a vessel going away from 'em at the rate of ten miles an hour, and see 'em go down out of sight in a fog-bank, and if he don't *then* feel considerable streaked, depend on't the haint got a country worth returning to. In such a time a man knows how to feel for his country, his hull country, and nothing but his country.

Talk to him then about *party politics*, and see how small, and mean, and contemptible all the little nasty dirty differences of party squabbles appear Whig, Troy, Bank, Anti Bank, Hard Currency, Paper Currency, Loco Foco, Aristocracy, Democracy, Jackson, Benton, Van Buren, Kindle, Nigger, Anti-Nigger, Monopoly, Anti-Monopoly, Tammany and Anti-Tammany, and Uncle Joshua—all become mixed up like a ball of ravlins of old stockings, and aint worth no more—and this brings us all to the only pint worth thinking about; and as I have not time to dress up a long story, I appeal TO EVERY NATIVE BORN AMERICAN CITIZEN (the only class I care to talk to jest now) to think with me—and if I am not right, let them tell me where and how I am wrong. I have now seen all countries except China and the Sandwich Islands, and a small part of Russia—and I can say I have seen no country and no people that can hold a candle to us—and all that is wanting on our part is to feel and to act as we ought to feel and to act—and that is for every man who has got the *rale grit* in him to unshackle himself from all nasty party prejudices—and look to the good of his country as he would to his own good and that of his family and children.

In some countries where I have been, the will or wish of one man is the law of the land—when he whistles he says, let no dog bark. Is it to be so with us? are we an independent and free people, and yet to be whistled into the traces and fancies of any man or any set of men? I for one *won't*—I'll see any man or set of men, or any other man——in Kamscatka first. Well, what is the puzzle now before us? We are all at odds and ends. PARTY—that selfish deceitful *monster*, has been at work and twisted us into a snarl, and it is our business to untwist it—wind off the best part for our own use, and throw the rest to the devil where it came from—along with those who wickedly strive to draw lines between the people and set one class up again another, jest to serve their own party purposes.

It would be a useless task for me to attempt to go into all the causes, why and wherefore, to show how we *got into* the scrape we are now in—it is enuff to know we are *in a scrape*, and I don't know a shorter way to explain it than to say, that if a farmer wants to see his farm well tilled, he won't take a watchmaker to till it—if a hatmaker, or a shoe maker, or a nail-maker, or a carpenter, or a mason, or any kind of manufacturer, wants good workmen to assist him, he wont employ persons who don't know any thing about the trade. A shipbuilder won't employ a hatter or mason to aid him in building a ship, and wisy-wersa. Some folks can kill Ingins and some can manage finances—every man to his trade; there is a trade and calling for every man—but if in the course of party management a tinker says he can cut a coat better than a tailor, it would not be strange if some of us should have a tin kettle tied to the tails of our coat flaps—and so it is in matters of more importance. But what grits agin the grain with me, is to see some folks who have been put into high offices by us "the people"—and paid by *us* out of our earnings twenty-five thousand dollars a-year—about *seventy dollars* a-day, besides house rent and other chippings—turn round and tell *us*—their masters—what *they* want done and what we *must* do, because they say so.

Has it come to this then, in *this country of laws* made by the people for their own good, that any man in office, and well paid by us for his services, shall dare to dictate to us our duty, when his duty is simply to follow the law *we* chuse to make through our representatives for *his* and our guidance? Shall it be also that any man who has been in office and well paid for his services, dare to presume upon his former popularity to dictate to us by his opinion and notions what we should do, when it can be seen without spectacles he has made a gross mistake, and, like the fox that los this tail in the trap, now wants all of us to cut off our tails, so as to cover his mistake. If such things are to be, and we are slaves to fall into these notions, then I for one say, I'll scrape off the name of the 'Two Pollies of Downingville,' and paint on her starn "The Nigger of Araby,"—and any man who wears a collar may command her.

Fellow Citizens—I aint in the humor just now to tell you the fatal error you are laboring under. I am one of yourselves, beaten down, shipwrecked and humbugged—almost ashamed to say how it has all come about as it has—because in telling you the story, I tell it to all creation, and that is what I don't like. I would rather keep our family quarrels within the walls of the old homestead; and that is the reason, when I was abroad and among foreigners, I heard them talking about and reading aloud the Globe and other official papers, containing matters I was ashamed of, I would say *that* 'Globe' was published away down in South America, and that the folks there were all kounterfeit Americans—they had papers and editors and towns, all called after our own, and there warn't no dependence to be put in 'em.

But as I said jest now, we are in a scrape, and I mean to try—as a good citizen, loving my country and every *useful class* of citizens in it, as a man should—to get us out of it. We are all ashore, jest as the "Two Pollies" is—we have not gone to pieces yet, nor but she nother, and I don't think we shall; but this depends on ourselves. I have known pilots in my day run a ship on shore and to kiver his mistake, wish every other pilot would do the same thing. I have seen a cook spoil a whole pot of broth, and when turned out, laugh in his sleeve to see his successor do the same thing.

I have seen great politicians and Generals who have failed in *their experiments* so far forget the interest of those who employed them, as to turn to and curse party leaders and soldiers, and wish to kiver up their disgrace by wishing their successors the same misfortune. I knew once a captain of a steam boat who did not know his business, and blew up his boat and passengers, feel as happy as a bird when he heard that others had been as unfortunate as himself, and gravely say that for his part he was sure there was no safety in steam engines. And now we see some folks equally ready to blow up the hull banking system because in their mismanagement of it they have burnt their fingers, and now say that all banks are sad monsters.

Just so would a *tinker* who boasted of knowing all about a steam engine, and after having tinkered changes in its pipes and valves, and blown it all to eternal smash, say "all engines are dangerous and anti democratic—away with them, and let us take to oars and poles agin;" jest so—but this is enough for the present. And till I have time to write to you agin, let us all remember that when *weak, bad, or foolish men combine*, it is time for *sound, good* and *intelegent* folks to unite. So no more at present from your old friend and fellow citizen,

J. DOWNING, *Major*,
2d Brigade Downingville Militia.

The following, from the New York Journal of Commerce, should be impressed on the mind of every patriot, of every one who reveres the Constitution and Laws of the Union:

Extract from the Constitution

"Art. 5. Sec. 8. Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states; and with the Indian tribes.

"Art. 6 This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land.

"Done in Convention, by the unanimous consent of the States present, the 17th day of September, A. D. 1787.

'GEORGE WASHINGTON,
President, and Deputy from Virginia.'

A Law "in pursuance thereof"

Preamble to the first Bank of the U. S.

"Whereas it is conceived that the establishment of a Bank for the United States, upon a foundation sufficiently extensive to answer the purposes intended thereby, and at the same time upon the principles which afford adequate security for an upright and prudent administration thereof, will be very conducive to the successful conducting of the national finances, will tend to give facility to the obtaining of loans, for the use of the Government in sudden emergencies, and will be productive of considerable advantages to trade and industry in general: Therefore, Be it enacted that a Bank of the United States shall be established," &c. &c.

Approved Feb. 25, 1791.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Mr. Editor: We have heard and read of late much about the constitutionality and unconstitutionality of a National Bank. When I perused the above extract from the Constitution, and the practical commentary thereon in the preamble quoted, which was drawn up by the framers of that memorable instrument, my mind was at rest. That which was constitutional and enacted by the Congress of 1791 cannot be unconstitutional now. E J.

To become a politician one must have a limber back, a well oiled tongue, and an India rubber conscience. So says the Portlander.

[Nonsense—a "politician" has just as much conscience as (and no more than) any body else. A *politician* is one who takes an interest in the public weal, and who, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, honestly believes that his own views are right, and those of his opponents wrong. When *politicians* become scarce, the liberties of the country will be in danger. They act, on both sides, as checks on each other. In a country like ours, every man *ought to be* a politician, and if any man does not wish to join *our* side, let him join the other—Let him be any thing but a *neutral*.]
Albany Daily Adv.

The editor of Bicknell's Philadelphia Reporter, who has lately visited New York and Massachusetts, under the head of "Money Market," says:

"In Boston the embarrassment and pressure are experienced to about the same extent as in Philadelphia: while in New York, the calamity is, in its effects, frightful indeed. The greatest sufferers in Boston, are the manufacturers, and those connected with the various establishments at Lynn, Weymouth, Hingham, Lowell, and other manufacturing towns. Many of the mills, as they are called, are entirely lifeless, while others are kept going by the proprietors, merely in mercy to the workmen. All have saved a little during prosperous times, and it is upon this little they are now depending. In the commercial walks, the aspect of affairs is somewhat better; but still it is bad enough, and must continue to grow worse, unless a speedy remedy be provided by Congress."

Money-matters in Tennessee.—The Nashville Banner of the 4th instant says:

"The banks are discounting new paper to a very limited extent. It is probable that a further amount of Philadelphia Post Notes will be offered in a week or two. Alabama paper is taken in payment of bank debts—not on deposite. It is freely received in business transactions out of doors. Mississippi bank notes are still at a heavy discount, say from 12½ to 25 per cent., according to the amount and situation of the banks. The U. S. Bank notes command 9 a 10 per cent. premium from the brokers. Sold at 12 per cent. Silver 12½ premium. Gold 15 premium. Kentucky 7 a 8 premium; Indiana 3 to 5 premium."

Nick Biddle and the Red River Roarer.—A Red River roarer, from the vicinity of Big Lick—one of your real cantankerous chaps, "half horse, half alligator, with a slight touch of the snapping turtle," having heard awful things about this same President of the United States Bank, and being in Philadelphia on some business, thought he must have a look at the animal before his return home. Accordingly he marched into the Bank, and inquired for Mr. Biddle. The clerk showed him instantly into a room where, in an arm chair at the desk, sat a nice, well dressed gentleman, with a smile on his lip and a pen in his hand. "Good morning, sir," blandly observed the President. "How do you stand it, stranger," said the Kentuckian; "Be you Nick Biddle?" "My name is Biddle," was the soft response. "Steamboats and lightning rods! You—why you an't *the Monster!*" "That is a title with which I have been sometimes honored." "Give us your fist, stranger: I thought you was a venomous nat'ral curiosity, but you're as white a man as I ever set eyes on. Good bye, stranger—I thought I could not go home without a squint at you." So saying the hunter of 'coons departed, fully satisfied.

From the Petersburg Constellation.

WHAT WE CALL DUTIES.

Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can

Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can.

Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can.

Every representative in Congress and in the Legislatures, ought to inform their constitutents what they are about—if they can.

Every man should do his work to please his customers—if he can.

Every man should please his wife—if he can.

Every wife should rule her husband—if she can.

Every woman should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. [Doubtful?]

Every Lawyer should tell the truth—if he can.

Every Preacher of the Gospel should be a Christian—if he can.

Every Reader should add something to the above—if he can.

A Good One.—The Concord Statesman has the following: One day last week, a Jonathan, who had lately arrived from Upper Coos, happened to be passing the State House just as the House adjourned, and not being used to such sights, he accosted one of the Representatives with, "I say, Mister, what is that are great stone building yonder?" "Why, sir," replied the representative, "that is Noah's Ark; what did you think it was?" "Why I had a kind of a notion of that sort, for I saw all manner of *living animals coming out of it.*"
N. H. Eagle.

Alarming Flour Combination.—The Buffalo Journal of the 1st says, there is every reason to believe that notwithstanding the immense yield of the grain crops this season, the manufacturers and dealers in flour are busily at work to forestall and buy up the market. The extent of ramification of this secret combination is incredible, and their resources ample. The above paper says:

We could name, we believe, a single bank for instance eastward of us, which, within a few days, has engaged to make discounts to the amount of at least $140,000 to three individuals for the purchase of wheat—and the agents of which individuals have already passed through this city and gone west to purchase wheat of the new crop.

We could also name an association of individuals in another part of our state, who already own one bank in Michigan and another in the valley of the Scioto, Ohio, if not indeed other banks, whose agents are in the field making purchases; to say nothing of the dozens of other large milling establishments who have their agents scattered in all directions, and whose means obtained from a large number of banks which are completely at their control, are of the most ample kind. And further, we think we could designate from seven to ten banking institutions in this state which are the mere creatures of these monopolists, and three fourths of whose discounts are either directly or indirectly made to these men, and whose demand they dare not at any time gainsay. And further still we most conscientiously believe that an effort will be made by these monopolists to induce the bank commissioners to deal most rigorously, with, or, in the words of one of them, to "spur up" all the western banks at least which will not come into their measures and minister to their speculations.

Ex President Jackson.—A late Nashville paper, speaking of the ex-President says, "The old gentleman's health was never better; he is engaged upon his grounds, and in his general private affairs with all the energy and apparent facility of youth."

STATE OF THINGS IN FRANCE.

We translate the following letter from the Courier des Etats Unis of Saturday morning; to the editor of which it was written on the 30th of June by one of his friends, recently returned from this country. We have no doubt that it truly represents the political condetion of *la belle royaume*, under the vigorous but prudent sway of the most sagacious living monarch.

"You will remember that while I was in the United States, I read no French papers but those in the oppositoin; the consequence was that I brought home with me a feeling of righteous indignation against the men in power, and my delight in again beholding my native land, after an absence of ten years, was dashed with bitterness and discontent. But I soon found out my great mistake. I sought in vain the evidences of that system of terror and deception, that mingled condition of baseness and arrogance, of which I had heard so much—it exists only in distorted imaginations. Never was France more free and prosperous—never before was she regarded by other nations with more of respect and confidence. The king has displayed the highest attributes of wisdom and courage; and while a wolesome check has been placed upon the disorganizing spirit of the wicked, never has justice been tempered with a nobler clemency.

"The feeling of the people has been admirably exhibited in the festivities which have just been brought to a close; the feeling of the people, unperverted by the artifices of faction, which it at once exposes and condemns. The reception of the King, wherever he has presented himself, must have proved a rich reward for his labours and cares. This King, so vilely calumniated, and against whom a frantic malice has so often endeavoured to direct the assassin's knife, but whom posterity will recognize and honor as one of the best that ever wielded a sceptre—how is it possible to behold him, surrounded by his excellent family, without affection and respect!"

New York Com. Adv.

A SIXTH CONTINENT.—An extraordinary phenomenon presented in the Southern Ocean, may rendle our settlements in New South Wales of still more eminent importance. A sixth Continent is in the very act of growth before us! The Pacific is spotted with islands through the immense space of nearly fifty degress of longitude and as many of latitude. Every one of these islands seems to be nearly a central spot for the formation of coral banks, which, by a perpetual progress, are rising from the unfathomable depths of the sea. The union of a few of these masses of rock shapes itself into an island; the seeds of plants are carried to it by birds or by the waves; and, from the moment that it overtops the waters, it is covered with vegetation. The new island constitutes, in its turn, a centre of growth to another circle. The great powers of nature appear to be still in peculiar activity in this region; and, to her tardier process, she sometimes takes the assistance of the volcano and the earthquake. From the South of New Zealand to the North of the Sandwich Islands, the waters absolutely teem with these future seats of civilization. Still the coral insect, the diminutive builder of those mighty piles, is at work; the ocean is intersected with myriads of those lines of foundation; when the rocky substructure shall have excluded the sea, then will come the dominion of man. *Liverpool paper.*

New York, August 11.

"*Where ignorance is bliss,*" &c.—On Thursday afternoon two thirsty persons stepped into a store in the upper part of the city, to take a dram, but there was no person in attendance to wait upon them immediately. One of them, observing a bucket filled with some liquid, filled a cup, and drank it off at a draught, and the 2d followed suit. In a few minutes they were seized with cramps, pains and vomiting, and on inquiry into the cause, it was ascertained that the bucket from which all had slacked their thirst contained a *solution of arsenic*, kept there to sprinkle on the floor to kill the flies. They were all at once removed to the Hospital, where every assistance was promptly rendered to them, and they are now in a fair way of recovery.

Courier and Enquirer.

TEXAS. The obituary notice in a late Houston Telegraph, though short, is rather strong. It is not often, we trust, that such a list reaches the eye in a civilized community. The recorded deaths are three only in number, but the recorded causes are fearful when occurring so closely as to form but one publication.

L. L. Laurens, killed in a duel by Dr. Goodrich.

Capt. J. Powell assassinated by Dr. Humphries.

William Facette, suicide.

Such a list as this was perhaps never seen in any paper before. Sirius must rage more in Texas than ever in Louisiana, and Heaven knows that is needless.

New Orleans True American.

"Come, friend," said a creditor to his debtor, "I want that money." "I havn't got it." "But I must have it now." "Well—if you get it before I do, just let me know, will you?"

HILLSBOROUGH.

Tuesday, August 29.

THE FAIR.

☞ We have been requested to state that the Ladies of the "Presbyterian Female Benevolent Society" will have a Fair in the Masonic Hall, on Wednesday of August Court, (the 30th inst.) commencing at 12 o'clock. As the Fair has lost that novelty which was once attached to it, and all know something of its nature and objects, we deem it only necessary to make known when and where it will be held, for the same liberality to be extended which has heretofore distinguished its attendants.

☞ We have been requested to say that a majority of the Magistrates of this county will be required to attend on Tuesday of next County Court.

Congressional Elections.

N. CAROLINA.—Complete returns have not been received from all the counties; but the general result is known—eight Whigs and five Van Buren men have been elected. The following list exhibits the names of the members of the last and of the present Congress.

LAST CONGRESS.	THIS CONGRESS.
1. Wm B. Shepard,	S. T. Sawyer,
2. *Jesse A. Bynum,*	*Jesse A. Bynum,*
3. Eben. Pettigrew,	Edward Stanley,
4. *Jesse Speight,*	Charles Shepard,
5. *James McKay,*	*James McKay*
6. *M. T. Hawkins,*	*M. T. Hawkins,*
7 Edmund Deberry,	Edmund Deberry,
8. *Wm. Montgomery*	*Wm. Montgomery*
9. A. H. Shepperd,	A. H. Shepperd,
10. Abram Rencher,	Abram Rencher,
11. *H. W. Conner,*	*H. W. Conner,*
12. James Graham.	James Graham,
13 Lewis Williams,	Lewis Williams,

Whig gain, one.

In TENNESSEE the Whigs have succeeded in electing ten out of thirteen members.

In KENTUCKY Whigs have been chosen in every district, thirteen in number. In the last congress there were nine Whigs and four Van Buren.

INDIANA has also chosen an entire Whig representation. In the last Congress we believe there was but one Whig, the other six being Van Buren men.

In ALABAMA three Whigs and two Van Buren men have been elected.

Gentleman's Magazine.—We have received the two first numbers of the Gentleman's Magazine, a new monthly publication recently commenced in Philadelphia. It is published by Charles Alexander and edited by William E. Burton. The work appears to be conducted with intelligence and taste, and will no doubt form a valuable addition to the literary publications of the day. The price of subscription is three dollars per annum. Specimen numbers can be seen at this office.

Oxford Kaleidoscope and Southern Republican.—Mr. William W. Holden has issued proposals for publishing in the town of Oxford, N. C. a weekly Newspaper, bearing the above title. His exposition of the principles which will govern him, is expressed in a firm and courtly manner, displaying at once a rich fancy for adorning his matters of fact, and a vision keen for their selection. His principles are purely Republican, and would be termed "Whig" in the party parlance of the day. That is, he is opposed to an accumulation of all the powers of the government in the hands of the Executive—and is for a strict preservation of the checks and balances formed by the architects of our inestimable constitution. His terms are three dollars in advance, or three dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year. See prospectus in another column.

The Wilmington Advertiser gives the details of a violent storm of wind and rain, which occurred at Wilmington on the night of the 18th inst. and spread wide its disasters through all that region of country. Trees were uprooted, the streets washed into gullies, the roads obstructed by fallen trees, and many bridges destroyed. Except the bridge over Smith's creek, it is said there is not one left standing between Wilmington and Waynesborough. The quantity of rain which fell during the night was greater than scarcely ever known for the time, and the consequent injury has been great. On Saturday, the Halifax stage, driving into Lewis's creek, three miles south of Wilmington, had nearly been swept away by the swollen waters. The two lead horses were drowned, but the wheel horses were detached and saved by the prompt action of some of the passengers. The driver, being unable to swim, was forced to remain upon his seat. About 100 feet of the embankment of the Wilmington and Raleigh rail road has been carried away. All the water mills in the neighborhood of Wilmington, except one, have been swept away, or had their dams broken. Great injury has been done to the rice plantations. Gov. Dudley's plantation, opposite Wilmington, has lost about half a mile of river banking. From the fury and duration of the gale, painful apprehensions are entertained of disaster to the shipping on the coast.

During the storm, two new inlets are said to have broken in, opposite or near M'Rae's or Peden's Sound. A large part of Oak Island has been washed away, and the rip making out from that island much changed.

The storm, it appears, was equally violent at Newbern. The Spectator says: "Crops, mills, bridges and buildings, have been prostrated, and the uprooted trees so obstruct the roads in every direction, that we have had no regular mail since." The loss of property in the town was not great, say from two to three thousand dollars, consisting principally in naval stores and lumber washed from the wharves by the great rise of the water.

Norfolk was also visited by the same storm with great severity.

Indian Treaty.—We learn from the St. Louis Bulletin of the 11th inst, a confirmation of the report of an advantageous treaty having been completed between Governor Dodge and the Chippewa Indians. The following is announced as "*Authentic news from the Chippewa treaty.*"—Captain Van Houten, of the steamboat Adventurer, from Prairie du Chien, furnishes us with the following authentic account of the Chippewa treaty: Governor Dodge has concluded a treaty with the Chippewa Indians for a territory containing *twenty millions of acres of land, for eight hundred and seventy thousand dollars*, including Indian traders' claims, in the above sum, according to treaty—half-breed donations are to be granted. Gov. Dodge was on his return from the treaty, and hourly expected at the Prairie when the boat left."

Our Indian Affairs.—We have no news since our last. (says the St. Augustine Herald, of the 5th inst.) Captain Hanson's command, with Lieut. May's company of U. S. Dragoons, who were ordered out to follow up the Indian trail discovered last week returned, having followed it as far as the Haw Creek, within 20 miles of Volusia, without being enabled to overtake them. They took occasion to drive off a drove of cattle belonging to the inhabitants of this city.

Gen. Jesup, we learn from an authentic source, has succeeded in engaging the services of 1000 Indians of different nations, for the ensuing campaign against the Seminoles. They are from the following named tribes: 200 Delawares, 400 Shawnees, 100 Kickapoos, 100 Sacks and Foxes from Missouri, to be concentrated at St. Louis, Mo., and sent thence to Florida, and 200 Choctaws to be concentrated at Little Rock, Arkansas, for the same service.

The volunteer force called for by General Jesup from Florida, has been raised and are now rapidly organizing. At Newnansville we are informed, there are about 600 men already concentrated.

Texas.—As the session of Congress approaches, the question of admitting Texas into the Union is beginning to be mooted. We are among those who believe that this event would be one of the greatest evils that could befall our country.—We are astonished at the spectacle of papers professing Whig principles, advocating this measure, a measure which, independently of its baleful consequences to the Union, we can see no method of accomplishing that does not involve the grossest breach of public faith and honor towards a nation with which we are at peace.

Add not trouble to the grief-worn heart.

DIED,

In this county, on Friday the 18th instant, Mrs. MARY ALBRIGHT, wife of Captain Henry Albright.

Recently, Mr. LEWIS HORNEDY, an aged and respectable citizen of the county.

Weekly Almanac.

AUGUST.	Sun rises	Sun sets.	
25 Friday,	5 29	6 31	
26 Saturday,	5 30	6 30	
27 Sunday,	5 31	6 29	
28 Monday,	5 32	6 28	
29 Tuesday,	5 33	6 27	
30 Wednesday,	5 34	6 26	
31 Thursday,	5 35	6 25	

New 1 7 2 morn
First 9 8 4 morn
Full 16 0 21 morn
Last 22 7 58 after.
New 30 10 42 after.

LOOK AT THIS!!

N. C. State Lottery,

For the benefit of the Salisbury Academy,

Class No. 17, for 1837,

To be drawn at Wadesborough N. C. on Thursday, 14th of September.

75 No. Lottery—14 Drawn Ballots.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	10,000	Dollars.
1 Prize of	3,000	do.
1 Prize of	2,000	do.
6 Prizes of	1,000	do.
&c. &c. &c.		
Whole Tickets,		$4 00
Halves,		2 00
Quarters,		1 00

☞ All prizes payable in CASH, forty days after the drawing, subject to a deduction of fifteen per cent.

*** Tickets for sale in the greatest variety of numbers, at my Office, one door above the store of Walker Anderson & Co., in Hillsborough, N. C.

ALLEN PARKS, *Agent.*

August 28. 84—

PROPOSALS

For publishing in the Town of Oxford, N. C. a Weekly Newspaper, to be entitled the

Oxford Kaleidoscope, and Southern Republican.

BY WILLIAM W. HOLDEN.

In the discharge of our editorial duties, we shall be strictly guided by the following principles—we regard them as the grand conservators of well-regulated freedom, demanding whatever energy of support we may possess:

1. A strict construction of, and a rigid adherence to the Constitution—the exercise of express, not implied or doubtful powers.

2. The sovereignty of the people, as the source of all political power—the sovereignty of the States—invested with *all* powers *not* delegated to the Federal Government—equal and self-governing parties to the compact which forms our glorious Union.

3. The authority of the Federal Government, in the exercise of such powers only as are definitely delegated to it.

4. A rigid economy in the administration of Government, which was instituted for the benefit of the *whole* people, and not for the aggrandizement of those entrusted with its management.

5. The exercise of the elective franchise by all classes of our citizens, without the interference of the officers of the Government, or the contaminating influence of Caucuses.

6. Free trade, and the freedom of industry, and opposed to a protective tariff, believed to be unconstitutional, unequal, unjust and oppressive.

7. We will advocate any system, which shall appear practicable, to improve the physical condition of North Carolina, and to develope her internal resources. And knowing full well that the diffusion of Education amongst all classes of our citizens, will prove one of the strongest bulwarks of our free institutions, we will advocate any system which promises to effect that object.

Whilst we will ever have too much self-respect to descend to low and vulgar abuse, we will speak of public men and public measures with perfect freedom. Our honest convictions and deliberate opinions we will boldly promulgate at all hazards.

We believe that a crisis has arrived pregnant with important consequences. The tempest is fast gathering around us, and the flood of political corruption approaches, which, unless arrested by the timely interposition of the people, will sweep away every vestige of the liberties of their country. Already have the rights of the States been contemned—the sacred vail of the Constitution rent in twain—the capacity and right of the people to select the men for whom they are to vote, derided and trampled in the dust, by the influence of Presidential and Caucus power—*one step more*—and the very lights of freedom will be extinguished, and the hopes of the patriot destroyed forever! This desecration of their most sacred immunities, and this bold assumption of high-toned power by their constitutional rulers, have *aroused* the people. The "great deep" of popular calmness is broken up. "*Trifles*" *may float upon its dark surges for a moment, and be "preserved"—but their condemnation is unalterably fixed by that people whose high prerogative it is sternly to watch, and prevent "all that is solid and valuable from sinking to the bottom and being lost forever."* The signs of the times clearly indicated that the "crisis of revolution" is at hand. The workings of that revolution may be "bloodless"—but it will not, therefore, be less tremendous or decisive in either the re-establishment or complete overthrow of republican usages and institutions. The people must act in this great drama. The ballot box must decide for them—must continue and aggravate the present state of things, or effect a radical and universal reform in the government; which has been gradually departing from its primitive purity and simplicity, until we have reached that point when its outward forms are utterly impotent to stay the torrent of usurpation and corruption. It shall be our chief aim, then, to enlighten the people on this subject by placing candid statements of the acts of their public servants before them—to join with them in that stern rebuke which they are *now* giving to principles adverse to the existence of their Government—to vindicate our peculiar institutions—to repel, with whatever ability we may possess, all external interference with our domestic condition—on this point, our opposition to the Abolition of Slavery, either in the District or in the States, will be inflexible—firm as the "seated hills;"—to uphold a *republican* and *federative*, as distinguished from a consolidating administration of the national affairs, and the disorders of the Central Government—to direct the public view towards a home policy of the States—the developement of their resources, physical and intellectual—to attach men, if possible, to their birth-place, and render them *citizens* instead of adventurers and speculators—and to re-animate public spirit, and give it purpose as well as energy.

These subjects shall command our fixed attention; and, conscious of the vast importance of the principles here advanced, we shall not deviate from them, whatever the wayward tendency of the times, or the mad spirit of party devotion may effect in the political world—or yield our influence, however small, to the promotion of '*men*,' regardless of '*measures*.'

Our Journal shall be just what its name purports. Like the variegating '*Kaleidoscope*,' it shall, weekly, present all the beauties and attractions of *Oxford*—and, like a true '*Republican*,' its columns shall be ever open, as a medium through which good principles shall be disseminated, the South heard, and her peculiar institutions vindicated; from it the "pride of the Nullifier must receive no diminution—the fidelity of the Unionist no reproach."

With this exhibition of our plans of future action, we confidently confide in the liberal public spirit of the citizens of Granville, and of the whole South. Judge us—but first know our merits.

TERMS.—Three dollars per annum, if paid on the reception of the first number—$3 50 if not paid till the end of the year. Letters may be addressed, at present, *post paid*, to the editor at Raleigh, or to J. M. Wiggins, esq. at Oxford.

☞ Editors will please publish.

LARGE MAPS OF

Mississippi and Alabama.

SHOWING the Public and Indian Lands, Indian Reservations, Land Districts, Townships, Streams, &c. engraved from the Government surveys and plats in the General Land Office, Washington City, by E. Gilman, Draughtsman in the General Land Office.

☞ F. TAYLOR, Bookseller, Washington city, has just published, (and secured the copyright according to law,) the above Maps, which will be found infinitely more complete and accurate than any heretofore published. They are published on separate sheets; each containing nearly six square feet, and will be found especially useful and valuable to those interested in the lands of either state, as they show every item of information which is in possession of the land offices relative to water courses, township lines, Indian lands and reservations, land districts, &c. and will be found perfectly accurate and precise in these points. They can be sent by mail to any part of the United States, subject only to single letter postage. Price two dollars; or three copies of either will be sent by mail for five dollars. A liberal discount will be made to travelling agents, or to any who buy to sell again.

☞ Editors of newspapers any where, who will give the above advertisement, including this notice, one or two insertions, shall receive by return mail a copy of each map, if they will send a copy of the paper containing it to the advertiser.

July 18. 84

FARMER'S HOTEL;

Hillsborough, N. C.

MR. WILLIAM PIPER, the present conductor of this well known establishment, returns his thanks for the very liberal patronage he has received since he took charge of it. He would solicit a continuance of the same; and hopes, by strict attention to the accommodations, to be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. The following are his prices:

Meal for Man,	25 cents.
" " Horse,	25
All Night for Man,	37½
" " Horse,	37½
All Night and Breakfast, for Man,	62½
All Night and Breakfast, for Horse,	62½
Per Day for Man,	75
" " Horse,	75

August 19. 83—

Meeting of Wardens of the Poor.

THE Wardens of the Poor for Orange county, will meet at the Poor House, on the first Monday of September next. All persons having business will attend at that time, and all applications for admitting persons should then be made.

ED. STRUDWICK, *Sec'y.*

August 19. 83—

Public Sale.

THE subscriber will sell, on the 5th of September next, on a credit of six months, a quantity of Household and Kitchen Furniture, two Milch Cows and Calves, a lot of Wagon Makers' Tools and some work, a first rate large Grind Stone, of superior grit, with band, wheel and irons, &c.

JOHN HART.

☞ Wanted to purchase immediately, a YOUUG NEGRO MAN, for which a fair price will be given, if application be made soon.

J. HART.

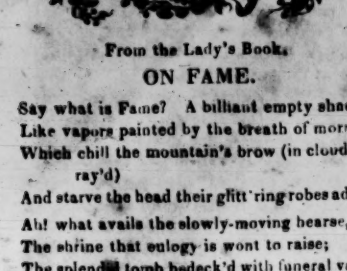
August 19. 83 -ts

N. B. Thomas has on hand, and will continue to keep a supply of excellent New Flour and Corn Meal, for retail.

☞ He has also a quantity of Good SALT for sale

July 20. 79

***Blanks** for sale at this*



From the Lady's Book.

ON FAME.

Say what is Fame? A brilliant empty shade,
Like vapors painted by the breath of morn;
Which chill the mountain's brow (in clouds ar
ray'd)
And starve the head their glitt'ring robes adorn.

Ah! what avails the slowly-moving hearse,
The shrine that eulogy is wont to raise;
The splendid tomb bedeck'd with funeral verse,
The shout of millions or the peal of praise!

O! what is Fame, enrolled in Glory's page,
Pursued with vigour, and with ardour sought;
For which in ev'ry clime and ev'ry age,
The poet labour'd and the hero fought!

'Tis all a bubble, that through æther flies,
That sports awhile, evaporates—and dies.

From the American Ladies Magazine.

THE FIRST MEED OF FAME.

"I was a dull boy," says Judge B. —— in answer to some remarks of Mrs. Wentworth, "and my mother began my education very early; I was her only child and she a widow, (my father dying before I was born,) therefore you may easily imagine how eager she must have been for my improvement. She tried every means which love, faith and prudence could suggest, to instruct me in my lessons and my duties. In the latter she was not disappointed. I may say without boasting, that I was an obedient boy, for I loved my mother so well that it was a pleasure to do her bidding. But I could not learn my book; the fountain of knowledge was, to my taste, bitter waters, and all the devices which ingenuity has invented to make learning easy failed in my case: I had to wear the dunce cap at school, and so sluggish was my mind, that I did not care a straw for the disgrace, till I found it made my mother weep when she heard it. Indeed I preferred to be at the foot of my class, for then I had no trouble about trying to keep my station, and even at the opening of the school I always took my place at the foot, it seemed so natural to me; I was as contented as Diogenes in his tub.

"Thus the time passed, till the winter I entered my tenth year. The schoolmaster was preparing for a famous exhibition; and as he knew how solicitous my mother was for my improvement, he called on her to ascertain if she thought possible that I could take part. She did think it possible, what mother would despair of her only child! she undertook to teach me the piece I was to speak. The teacher had selected that pithy little poem so apropriate for the young tyro, beginning—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes, or Cicero
Don't view me with a critic eye,
But pass my imperfections by." &c

Those six lines were my first lesson, and after tea, my mother sat down to the task of teaching it, telling me that I must learn to recite those six lines during that and the following evening. You smile ladies, but it seemed a Herculean task to me, and it was only my strong affection for my mother that would induce me to have undertaken it. The teacher had promised, that if I spoke my piece well he would give me a silver medal. I cared nothing for that, till my mother drew me to her, and as she put back my hair and kissed my forehead in her loving manner, said "O, Robert! how happy shall I be to see you come home with that medal on!" I thought then I would try to obtain it. So I sat down cheerfully to my task.

"I recollect the scene as though it were but yesterday. My mother read the six lines to me several times over, and then she explained the meaning of the words. She then told me of Demosthenes, and the efforts he made to overcome his natural defects. I remember asking her if I should get some pebbles to hold in my mouth, whether it would do me any good,—and how her laugh rang out at my witticism! Then she told me of Cicero, and the great service he rendered the country by his oratory and learning—thus endeavouring to awaken my mind to some efforts of imagination. I liked to listen to stories, and it was in this manner I had been taught what little I knew; for I could not comprehend words: I wanted images, and thus my mother, by her manner, and the comparisons she would draw from familiar things, could succeed in picturing to my imagination. In books I found nothing but words, and those I could not remember. But I am growing tedious, I fear, as that evening was to my mother and myself. For two long hours she patiently taught me. I read over the lines a hundred times. I recited after her—sometimes I would repeat two or three consecutive words; and I could see her face brighten with hope; but when she took the book for the last recitation, after I had been studying most intently for some minutes, I could not repeat a single word. I cannot correct now my sensations at the time. It seemed to me that I knew that my mother wished me to say; but between [illegible] and my lesson, an[illegible] made all the words indistinct, and my will had no power to control those fancies.

"When my mother had vainly tried every method to make me recollect the two first lines, she was quite overcome. I believe her hope of my intellect was extinguished, and she felt, for the first time, what all who knew me predicted, that I would be adunce. It must be a terrible trial for a sensible mother to think that her only child is a fool. She burst into a passion of tears, covering her face with her hands, and sunk on her knees beside the sofa where we were sitting. I started up in amazement at her grief, for I had never before seen her so moved; she was habitually calm as a summer's morning; but her sobs and groans seemed bursting her heart. My knees trembled, and a burning heat rushed over my frame. At that moment something seemed to open in my head, and a light, I can compare it to nothing else, was lit in my brain. I saw, or felt perhaps would be more proper, every word of the lesson I had been learning, as though it were graven with a pen of fire—I knew that I could repeat my lesson; and many other lessons that I had vainly tried to learn; now all were present to my memory in perfect arrangement. I stood in a state of entrancement almost, as these new and clear ideas came thronging in my mind, till my dear mother arose from her kneeling posture, and stretched out her hand to draw me to her. Her face was deadly pale, but perfectly calm and resigned. I have her countenance now before me, mild and beautiful as an angel's. She had given up her hope of my mind, but her love was deeper and tenderer, perhaps, for that her pride in me had been utterly humbled. Oh, there is no earthly passion so disinterested as a mother's love. She thought, from my countenance, that I was frightened, and drawing me to her, she caressed me, and murmured, "my son, my dear son."

"I can say my lesson, mother, I can say my lesson now," I broke out, and instantly repeated not only the six lines, but the whole poem, which I had heard her read, but had had never read myself. She was atonished; but, when I went on to repeat hymns and poems she had in vain tried to learn me for months and years, her joyful exclamations were raised in thanks to God; and the tears began again to flow like rain. I do not think she retired that night at all, for she was kneeling beside my bed when I went to sleep, and when I opened my eyes in the morning she was bending over me. Probably she feared that I might lose my memory, and watched my first awakening to confirm her hopes. She was gratified; I recollected more clearly that morning than the previous evening. My whole being seemed to be changed. Every object looked brighter, 'every word sounded with a new meaning.'

"Do you believe that any new faculty of mind was given you?" asked Mrs. Wentworth.

No—surely not; but my intellect was aroused and enlightened. How this was effected I do not pretend to say, but it appeared to me at the time, that something in my head had enlarged or opened. However that may be, I have never since found any difficulty in literary pursuits; the exercise of my mind is my most pleasurable employment. I gained the medal with great applause; and was sweetly rewarded by the praises and kisses of my mother. How happy she was; too happy for this world. I fear the alternation of grief and joy had an injurious effect on her health. She died in a few months; and left me an orphan indeed. But her memory can never pass from me while my reason remains. To her I am indebted for all the enjoyment of my intellect. I have no doubt that had a severe and galling discipline been pursued with me at home as it was at school, I should always have been a dull and ignorant being, perhaps an idiot. To a good, faithful and intelligent mother, what gratitude and respect do not her children owe! I shall always vindicate the cause of women."

A Holy Religion.—To a young infidel who was scoffing at christianity, because of the misconduct of its professors, the late Dr. Mason said: "Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted that he had not. "Then don't you see," said Mr. M., "that by *expecting* the professors of Christianity to be *holy*, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power!" The young man was silent.

Gentleman.—The only way to be a gentleman is to have the feelings of one; to be gentle in its proper acceptation, is to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than situation, and to let the benevolence of the heart be manifested in the general courtesy and affability of the demeanor.—*Horace Smith.*

British National Debt.—A correspondent of the Liverpool Chronicle, presents some curious statistics of the National Debt of Great Britain which it is calculated that its amount is so enormous that if laid down in sovereigns side by side, and touching each other, the line of gold would extend nearly 12,000 miles, or more than 13-4 times round the moon! [illegible] they would form a belt long enough to go four times round the earth! If the debt was carried in one horse carts, each loaded with half a ton of gold, the carts would extend in one unbroken line 36¼ miles! If the carts were loaded with the debt in silver, they would extend 676 miles, or from John O'Groat's House in Scotland, to the Land's End in Cornwall! If the entire population of the world (man, woman and child,) was laid under contribution, it would require 16 shillings from each, and £4 from every family to pay this debt! If all the gold in the world was brought to England it would not pay one quarter of the debt! All the gold in Great Britain and the colonies would not pay more than half even of the interest of the debt! The whole of the circulating medium (gold, silver, Bank of England, country and joint stock bank notes) passes more than 1½ times every year though the Exchequer in payment of the government taxes, to say nothing of parochial taxation!

SPRING GOODS.

O. F. LONG & Co.

HAVE just received and now offer for sale at their old stand, their Spring supply, consisting of every variety of Goods usually kept by the merchants of this place, viz:

A large and general assortment of Dry Goods, &c.

COMPRISING

Gentlemen and Boy's Summer Clothing,
Printed Muslin, Ginghams,
French Calico,
Black and Coloured Silks, &c. &c.

ALSO

Hardware and Cutlery,
Shot Guns,
Hats, and Shoes,
Bonnets,
Crockery,
Cotton Yarn,
School Books, Stationary, &c.

All of which they will sell at the lowest prices for Cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers only.

N. B All persons having open accounts either on the books of R. Nichols & Co or of O F Long & Co. up to the first of May, are requested to call and close the same with cash or note, as circumstances make it absolutely necessary that their business should be settled up to that time.

May 18. 70

Trust Sale.

BY virtue of a deed of trust made to me by JAMES BLACKWOOD, for purposes therein mentioned, I shall, on Monday of August County court, at the court house in Hillsborough, offer for sale for Cash,

Fourteen Likely Negroes,

and about SEVEN HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, adjoining Charles Johnson and others, the property of said Blackwood.

JONES WATSON, *Trustee.*

August 12 88[illegible]

Lost or Mislaid.

TWO notes of hand—one of which was given by Edward Scott, of Onslow county to the subscriber, for nine dollars; the other by Lott Grigory of the same county, for seven dollars and both dated in February last. All persons are therefore cautioned against trading for said notes; and the persons from whom I received them are forwarned not to make payment to any person but myself

JAMES FAUCETT.

Orange county, August 12 82—

Lost or Stolen,

A SMALL Leather POCKET BOOK containing nine dollars in paper money—one five dollar bill on the Bank of the State and one four dollar bill on the Bank of Cape Fear; and also a note of hand on John R. Minnis payable to Charles Phillips, Alabama and dated 28th of March 1837. A reward of four dollars will be given for the recovery of said pocket book and contents. And all persons are forewarned from trading for said note

JOHN A. FAUCETT.

August 12. 82 2w

House and Lot For Sale.

I wish to dispose of my House and Lot on reasonable terms. The House is situated on Churton street, one door below the [illegible] of Messrs Cave & Holland, and directly west from the court house, and is now occupied by Mrs. Jane McCauley. It is a very commodious building, and is in the heart of business, and would make an excellent Store House with a little repairing. It has a good cellar under it, and has three fire places

Terms will be made known on application to the subscriber.

WILLIAM McCAULEY.

August 12. 82—

Attention!!

BRIGADE ORDERS.

HEAD QUARTERS,
Cedar Grove, Orange county, N. C.
July 26 1837

To the Officers commanding the Regiments of the Sixth Brigade North Carolina Militia

YOU are hereby commanded to attend at your respective places of parade and review, with the regiments under your commands, equipped as the law directs, with six rounds of powder, in order to be reviewed, on the following days, viz:

In Chatham, the 45th Regiment on the 9th, and the 94th Regiment on the 11th of October.

In Randolph, the 55th Regiment on the 13th, and the 56th Regiment on the 14th of October.

In Orange, the 49th Regiment on the 17th, the 48th Regiment on the 19th; and the 47th Regiment on the 21st of October.

BENJAMIN TROLINGER, *Aid.*

By order of

JOSEPH ALLISON, *Brig. Gen.*
6th Brigade N. C. Militia.

August 4. 81—

LOOK AT THIS!

NEW GOODS

LATIMER & MEBANE,

HAVE just received from New York and Philadelphia, and now offer for sale, the largest and best assortment of

Rich and Fashionable DRY GOODS

ever offered in this market; amongst which are almost every article of

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

ALSO

Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats and Shoes,

besides many other articles too tedious to mention. The Goods were principally purchased with cash, and will be sold low for the same.

LATIMER & MEBANE.

☞ **Cash** will be given for **5000 bushels of Wheat.**

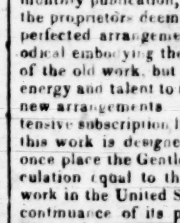
September 6. 35—

NOTICE.

☞ ALL persons indebted to the firm of HUNTINGTON LYNCH, are requested to call and settle their respective accounts with the subscriber, as they wish to settle their business as soon as possible

LEMUEL LYNCH.

May 4. 68



THE subscriber has on hand a great assortment of

Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Clocks, Watches, Pistols,
&c. &c.

which will be sold very low

☞ Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired with neatness and despatch.

LEMUEL LYNCH.

May 4. 68—

Forwarding Agency.

☞ THE subscribers inform the Merchants of the interior, that they are still engaged in the Forwarding way, and trust that with the facilities and experience they now possess in the transaction of this business, to merit the patronage heretofore conferred. They have large Ware Houses at the river and in town, for the reception of forwarding Goods apart from other buildings and comparatively safe from fire.

WILKINGS & BELDEN,
Fayetteville

Refer to
Messrs. CAVE & HOLLAND, Hillsborough
April 5 65—

New Monthly Magazine.

ON the 1st of July, 1837, will be published beautifully printed, on good paper, of an extra large royal octavo size, and neatly stitched in a colored cover, the first number of a new periodical work, entitled

The Gentleman's Magazine.

EDITED BY
William E. Burton, Philadelphia,
To whom all original communications for the work will be addressed.

The announcement of a new periodical in the present state of affairs may create some feeling of surprise, but having contemplated an alteration in the nature of a very popular monthly publication, "Every Body's Album," the proprietors deem it best to proceed in the perfected arrangements, and produce a periodical embodying the most wholesome points of the old work, but conducted with sufficient energy and talent to insure the success of their new arrangements. The respectable and extensive subscription list of the Album, to which this work is designed as a successor, will at once place the Gentleman's Magazine in a circulation equal to that of any other monthly work in the United States, and guarantee the continuance of its publication, with the certainty of payment to the enterprise of the proprietors.

The contents of the Gentleman's Magazine will in every respect, be answerable to the meaning of the title. We do not pretend, in our literary pursuits, to fly as "eagles soar, above the ken of man," nor shall we be content with merely skimming the surface of the ground; our pages will not be filled with abstruse predications, nor shall we display the brilliancy of our critical acumen in matters "cassiare to the million." In short, we do not mean to be profoundly learned, nor philosophically dull. We wish to produce a gentlemanly, agreeable book—an epitome of life's adjunctives—a literary melange possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlour table of every gentleman in the United States.

In the varied and ample page of contents attached to each number of the Gentleman's Magazine, original articles will be found from some of the most celebrated writers of the day. Essays, humorous and didactic—Graphic delineations of Men and Manners—Free and spirited translations of the lighter portions of the literature of continental Europe—A series of original Biographical Notices of the principal stars in the Dramatic hemisphere. The current literature will be revised in full, and liberal extracts made from rare and valuable works. An original copy right Song—not otherwise to be obtained—will be given, with the music, in every number.

The Gentleman's Magazine will contain seventy two extra sized octavo pages, of two columns each, forming, at the close of the year, two large handsome volumes of one thousand seven hundred and twenty eight columns, each column containing one third more than an octavo page of average proportions. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year; and the proprietors pledge themselves that the Gentleman's Magazine shall be the *largest and the cheapest* monthly work issued in the United States.

*** To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, *the advantages of which proposition can remain in force for a few months only.* The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy be invariably three dollars per annum, payable in advance but a five dollar bill will produce two copies to the same direction, or a club of ten dollars will command five copies.

☞ All letters, postage paid, addressed to Charles Alexander, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place Philadelphia, will meet with the earliest attention.

June 21. 75—

Cotton Yarn.

DANFORTH & McCUISTIN, Cotton Manufacturers, at the High Falls of Haw River, Orange county, have reduced their wholesale prices for Cotton Yarn to the following rates, viz:

No. 3 and 4,	20 cents per lb.
5, 6 and 7,	22
8 and 9,	25
10 and 11,	28
12 and 13,	30
14 and 15,	34
16 and 17,	37

The Fayetteville prices given for Picked Cotton

South Carolina Money taken at par.

DANFORTH & McCUISTIN.

High Falls Haw River June 23 76—

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Term, 1837.

Thomas Holloway, Wright Holloway, John Horne and wife Betsy, and others, vs. *John Leathers & James Latta ex'rs of Thomas Holloway, dec'd. Bramilian Holloway, Wm Holloway, David Holloway, the heirs of Elizabeth Trice, Wyatt Harrod and wife Agga, John Whitaker and wife Susan, and John Woods.* } Petition to account and for distribution.

IT appearing to the Court in this case, that Bramilian Holloway, David Holloway, the heirs of Elizabeth Trice, Wyatt Harrod & wife Agga, John Whitaker & wife Susan, and John Woods, are not residents of this state it is ordered by the court that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for the space of five weeks, of the pendency of this suit, that the said defendants may appear at the next term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be holden for Orange county, on the 4th Monday of August next, then and there to answer, plead or demur to the said petition, otherwise the same shall be taken *pro confesso* as to them, and heard *ex parte.*

J. TAYLOR, c. c.

Price adv $5 00 80—

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Orange County.

In Equity—March Term, 1837

John Hutchins and others vs. *Charles W. Johnston and others* } Original bill.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendants, Frances E. Potter, Lucy Mitchell and Martha Mitchell are not inhabitants of this state, it is therefore ordered by the Court that advertisement be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks, for the said defendants and all the other heirs at Court (if any) of James C. Mitchell deceased, to appear at the next term of this Court, to be held in Hillsborough, on the 2nd Monday of September next, then and there to plead answer or demur to said bill or the same will be taken *pro confesso* against them and decreed accordingly

JAMES WEEB, c. M. E.

July 28 79.—

WILLIAM W. GRAY'S
Invaluable OINTMENT,
FOR THE CURE OF
External Diseases, viz:

White Swellings, Scrotula and other Tumours, Sore Legs and Ulcers, Old and Fresh Wounds, Sprains and Bruises, Swellings and Inflamations, Scalds and Burns, Women's Sore Breasts, Scald Head, Rheumatic Pains, Chilblains, Tetters, Eruptions, Biles, Whitlows—and a most effectual remedy for the removal of Corns.

Also, Beckwith's Anti-Dispeptic Pills,

FOR SALE BY

ALLEN PARKS.

September 8. 35—

NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

OWING to the intended removal of one of the Editors, and the wish of the other to devote himself more exclusively to the duties of his profession, the undersigned offer for sale the establishment of the North Carolina Journal Office. The Office is well found in Job, Newspaper and Ornamental Type; the list of subscribers is tolerably large, and they could not might be greatly augmented by a little exertion. To any person desirous of embarking in the business, it offers inducements not inferior to any in this state, but to a practical printer, they know of no investment he could make of his money that would yield him a more profitable return.

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